

That comforts most in wealth of toil, Is Laurel Leaf and Silken Coil.

PS 2903

S7To

Tis-sa-aek

A Tale of Yo-Semite Valley, California.

BY

Stella Standish,

Author of . . .

"ARE . . .
THERE . . .
CHORDS . . .
IN . . .
THE . . .
HARPS . . .
OF . . .
HUMANITY?"

"IT'S . . .
ALL . . .
IN . . .
THE . . .
HEART, . . .
YOU . . .
KNOW; . . .
OR, . . .
THE . . .
FORTUNE . . .
TELLER'S . . .
DREAM," ETC.



So "Israel" is the "Balanced Force," As "Edom" was—"Unbalanced"—

TIS-SA-ACK.

A Tale of Yo Semite Valley, California.

By STELLA STANDISH.

The scenes are laid in the Yo Semite Valley, Mariposa, Tuolumne, Stanislaus and Merced counties, and in the groves and vineyards of Fresno county, also including sketches of various parts of the State, and ending at Sutro Heights, San Francisco. By all critics who have read the story it is pronounced the best romantic production upon California, and a work of great interest to all parts of the State. It is dedicated to the visitors of the Yo Semite Valley.

Tis-sa-ack—a tale of Yo Semite Valley, California, by Stella Standish—is wonderful, weird and beautiful; sublime in language and plot. The interest never flags. It is one of the spokes in the wheel of progress that will do a great good to the world. I pronounce it the greatest production of the day.

MRS. ROWENA G. STEELE,
Late of Merced Argus.

Tis-sa-ack, by Stella Standish—a grand and beautiful poem. A fine work of literary art, from the boundless and fertile imagination of this young and talented authoress. In graceful and easy manner she glides from the realm of fancy and lofty imaginings to the useful and practical realities of life. The line of demarkation is so artistically and beautifully blended, like the colors of the rainbow, merging in each other that the period of transition is scarcely visible. It is the effusion of a truly poetic soul, and will find a place soon in the world's literature, for its style is impressive and weird, yet simple; its tone beautiful and uplifting, its contents bracing and inspiring.

JAS. BATTERSBY,
In Merced Express.

Judging from the songs taken from the story "Tis-sa-ack," by Miss Stella Standish, her work will be highly interesting and poetical. If she writes as pleasingly as she talks, her book is a gem.

ANNIE H. MARTIN,

Publisher Morning News. Carson City, Nevada.

"Tis-sa-ack" shows much familiarity with the picturesque scenery and legendary myths of Yo-Semite Valley. It will no doubt be highly appreciated.

E. T. R.,

*Literary Critic for Donahue, Henneberry & Co.
Publishing House, Chicago, Ill.*



CALIFORNIA.

California—Love of mine !
Land of Honey, Fig and Vine !
Hast thou not a home for me ?
An Alhambra by the sea !
New Granadas on thy shore !
California—I adore !

California—thou art drest
For thine own rich bridal feast !
And, I feel thy hand-clasp now,
Hear thy breathing bridal vow;
Ah, thy rich betrothal ring.
And the kisses it doth bring.
California ! Peerless! Blest
Limitation of the West;
I thy bride-groom now, and even
Thine own land shall be our Heaven !

California—I adore
Thy Sevilles Sea and Shore !
Ah ! thou hast a home for me,
An Alhambra by the sea.

July 20, 1888.



Stella Standish

TIS-SA-ACK AND TU-TOCK-AH-NU-LAH.

A TALE OF YO-SEMITE VALLEY,
CALIFORNIA,

BY
Nellie
STELLA STANDISH,

AUTHOR OF "ARE THERE CHORDS IN THE HARPS OF HUMANITY?" "IT'S ALL IN THE HEART, YOU KNOW; OR, THE FORTUNE TELLER'S DREAM," "EL-LORE; OR, THE BATTERED OLD BOOK."

There might be riper fruit picked,
There might be none at all;
Some blooms are not for fruitage
Some blight and early fall.

NEW YORK,
THE NASSAU PRESS, 162-166 LEONARD STREET,
1894.

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1894.
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TO

THE VISITORS

OF

THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA,

THE AUTHOR

DEDICATES THIS BOOK.



In early wake of morning
I climbed the Valley road,
But dust of Foreign Travel
Told that our Proud State owed
A wealth of Muses' Honors
Beyond my Muse to pay;—
And, so I oft retreated
To wait another's lay.
Ah, how could I refrain from
A tribute here to keep;
No other work 'awoke me,
No other thought gave sleep.



“And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
To quiet its fever and pain.”

SANDALPHON.

TIS-SA-ACK,
TU-TOCK-AH-NU-LAH
AND
YO-SEMITE VALLEY.
—
IN TEN PARTS . . .

FIRST PART.

1887.

INTRODUCTION.

“ Face to face in my chamber, My
 Silent chamber, I saw her :
God and she and I only, There I sate
 Down to draw her.”

MRS. E. B. BROWNING

THE VALLEY.

From the wild grand scenes of Norway,
And in Switzerland of Tyrol;
And in Italy of Savoy;
Or, the vertebra Nevada;
In their deep and sheltered hollows,
Looking down see what we shall see !

At the feet of the Swiss Jungfrau,
In the Valley Lauter Brunnen—
In the Vale of Sounding Brooks; and,
From the snowy summit Jungfrau—
O'er the bosom of the Jungfrau—
Looking down see what we shall see !

From the broad plain of the Piedmont,
From between the Alps and Jura,
From the Valley of Grand Features !
From the Valley of all Valleys—
Valley—Yo-Semite :—
Looking up—see what we shall see.

The Bernese Alps of Switzerland,
Waterfalls and misty valleys ;—
The wild gorge of Videllala;
Of all Switzerland most savage !
Of all the Rhine most wonderful !

Waterfalls, and all the Cascades.
Only one in the Swiss valley,
In all Europe celebrated—
Known in Europe as the highest,
Of all admiration worthy ;—
Cascade Staubach; or, the Dust-Brook ;—
Of all admiration worthy—
Known in Europe as the highest.

Alps of Switzerland, and Savoy—
Like a vast shield, or a buckler,
With their superb fields of glaciers,
And their snowy comets rising.
And, from out their rough seamed surface,
Is the loftiest of bosses ! . . .

Snowy summit of the Jungfrau
From which Thund'ring water splashing
'Gainst the rocks is sweeping, surging—
Sweeping, surging 'gainst the rockledge.

Three great radiating centers—

Finster-Aarhorn, Monte Rosa,
And the highest Monte Blanco;—
From each sixty miles are distant;—
Sending lofty chains of mountains
Through the hearts of three great countries—
To the plains of three great countries.

Bastions of some rugged castle !
Strongholds of the fabled Titans !
These great magnets of attraction,
These vast rugged mountain masses,
Regions of snow perpetual
Six thousand feet are towering;—
Bathed in snow perpetual.

And Mont Blanc with its Aiguilles,
Straightway rising as a needle;
Piercing to the vault of Heaven—
Piercing through the vault of Heaven ?
While the Mater-Horn, Mont Cervin;—
Dark Obelisk of Porphyry,
From a sea of snow is rising
Of all objects the sublimest !

Feast on all of these scenes, will you ?
Feast ! Aye, feast till you are weary !
Then, come with me from the East-Land,
Through the Strait of the Gibraltar,
Crossing o'er the lost Atlantis,
On the waters of Atlantic;—
By Bartholdi's Gifted Beacon—
By Bartholdi's Statue Torchlight;—
Safely into New York Harbor:—
Then, by iron-wheels all steel-shod
To the Land of Misty-Sunset.

Here a Legend unremembered,
Save by Gods, quite near forgotten—
You will then hear of the mountains—
Mountains grand as those you came from;—

Ah, methinks you'll call them grander.

'Tis in May, or, early June-time—
That they are the richest, grandest;
Then the Misty Myths and Muses—
Spun the warp, and spun the filling,
Wove the web of Mystic Legend
In a June-time unremembered—
Curfewed, curtained, June of Legends.

Leaving first the Linen City—
Tented City—City Stockton;
Over Plains and sandy Prairy—
Over Plains, with Live-Oaks studded;—
Then, a country gently rolling,
Drest with flowers in profusion—
Rich wild flowers in profusion.
Stanislaus, the first large river,
With its banks of Yellow Ochre,
Beds of Opals, beds of Garnets:—
Cross a spur of Table Mountain,
Pass a camp known as the Chinese,
To the home of Count Solinsky:—
Leave the Stage for the Sonora.

Winding up the deep Tuolumne,
With its sides so steep, and rock-ribbed,
Without tree, or shrub, or vestige:—
Then by way of the Gorota.
Next the mountain Manzanita,
And Mahogony, and Pipe-wood,
Rock-wood—and the Indian-arrow;—
All are thickly densely growing.

Tapping, tapping of the wild bird !
With his red cap ever bobbing,
Tapping—*El Carpintaro*,—
Ever in the Pine-tree working—
Ever in the Pine-tree boring
Holes, and filling up with Acorns.

Here, it seems, that a *Fiesta* !
A Fiesta he's preparing;
But, for whom—is still a mystery—
To the Naturalist a mystery.
Long it has been this bird's habit,
Tapping at some huge old Pine-tree;
Or, in Eastern-land, the Beech-tree;
In his Red-cap ever tapping,
Yet, the Wild-food, still is storing
With activity—the greatest.

Here, the Meadow-lark, and Robin,
Oriola, and the Wee-birds,
Prove to us their love for Music—
Love, and voice, for sweetest Music.

Here, the Quail, in pairs or covies,
With their beautiful rich plumage,
And their ever-nodding top-knots—
Ever whir among the bushes:—
'Mong the dry-leaves and the bushes.

And, the Wild-doves low "Too coo"-ing—
Low "Too-coo"-ing of the Wild-doves—
Tells of love in wildest forest:—

It was Love, that gave the Legend;
That, for Ages was the Secret—
An inhumed and hidden Secret
In the depth of these great mountains

" How does Love speak ?
By the uneven heart-throbs, and the freak
Of bounding pulses that stand still and ache."
Love's Language.

ELLA WHEELER.

“Face to face with the true mountains
I stood silently and still.”

The Lost Bower.

E. B. B.

SECOND PART.

1887.

THE LEGEND OF THE TALE.

TIS-SA-ACK

AND

TU-TOCK-AH-NU-LAH.

When God smote His hands together,
And struck out thy soul as a spark
From the organized glory of things,
Into deeps of the dark.—

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

“It is a place where Poets crowned
May feel their hearts decaying;
It is a place where happy Saints
May weep amid their praying:”—

Cowper’s Grave.

‘Tis a Legend of a Chieftain—
Semi-God and Mighty Chieftain;
The Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah—Chieftain.
And of Tis-sa-ack—the Goddess;
Goddess of the Far-Famed Valley—
Goddess of the Land, and Sunshine—
Goddess of the Mountain Jewels.

"Twas the Misty Myths, and Muses,
Spun the Warp, and spun the Filling;
Wove the Web of Mystic Legend
That it might not be forgotten;
In an after age, forgotten.

High above the River Mercy,
From the Point of Inspiration—
In the distance view The Valley;
Read the Legend as 'twas woven
Of Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah Chieftain—
And, of Tis-sa-ack; the Goddess
Loved and won by the Great Chieftain.
The Tu tock-ah-nu-lah chieftain,
Semi-diety and chieftain,—
Loved this Tis-sa-ack the Goddess;—
Loved and courted this fair Goddess.

It was in the early Spring-time,
That he sat out for a Wild-chase;
But, the arrow soon was missing !

A commanding manner, savage,
Was the pride of this Great Chieftain.

Tis-sa-ack, the Valley Goddess,
Oft he'd passed, when on his Game-chase;
But, his heart knew naught of Love, then,
And he saw not this fair Maiden;
Yet, this time so near he passed her,
That she robbed him of the arrow.
Playfully she grasped the arrow,
Stood there, holding tight the arrow !
From her hair she took a ribbon,
Lung-oo-too-koo-ya—the ribbon—
Many yards of length and narrow,
Tied around the slender arrow;
With a bow-knot drest the Hum-oo:—
In a careless playful manner,
Hit the fingers, of the Great Chief.

Savagely he turned upon her,
Raised his bow in fiery frenzy;
But, she stepped beneath his raised arm !
And with smiles thus she addressed him :

“Would you harm a playful Maiden ?
I, who love this wild as you do
In your foot-steps daily follow.
I bethought me, on this morrow,
That I closer still would follow.
And, I’ve drest the slender Hum-oo,
With the ribbon from my tresses,
That it might more mine resemble !”

Then she drew them from behind her !

“See, I have my bow and arrow !
And I, too, am fond of hunting;
Now, if you will please, sir, let me,
I will with you chase the fleet deer.”

In amazement and astonished,
Stood the Great Chief of the Valley—
The Tu tock-ah-nu-lah—Great Chief,
Semi-Deity, and Great Chief !

“Know you not that I am Chieftain,
I, of all this Land am Chieftain,
The Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah chieftain !
Then, how dare you, thus approach me ?
I, am Chieftain of the Valley !”

Once more raised his arm in anger;
Closer stepped she than the first time,
Laid her hand upon his shoulder,
Then, in sweetest accents, speaking :

“ Have you not a wife, or sister,
That you harshly thus address me?
Gentleness is Ruling Power !
This I know, for I am Goddess !
And I, too, do rule this Valley.”

“ You are Goddess !”

“ I am Goddess !
And I know, that Love is Power.
For, I love you ! ‘Tock-ah-nu-lah !
By the Evil-wind—Po-ho-no,
Kept you safe from Yo-Semite,
Kept you safe in your Yo-wi-yo,
With the tea of the Lo-y-a,
Cooled your brow and quelled the fever !

Then a moment gazed upon him,
Brushed the dark locks from his temples,
Said, in soft tones, yet not boasting :

“ I am Tis-sa-ack, the Goddess !
Goddess of the Wind and Valley,
Goddess of the Mountain Jewels,
And I know that ‘Tock-ah-nu-lah,
Semi-Deity and Great Chief !
Lonely is, Aye, oftentimes lonely !
And, I thought to sometimes cheer him
In his lonely walk, and hunting,
From your chase I’ll not detain you,
As, you know not what true love is.”

Then she darted through the bushes,
Leaving on the slender arrow
Tied in bow-knots still the ribbon,
Many yards of length and narrow;

And her unstaid flowing tresses,
Floating o'er her pearly shoulders,
As she once more turned to wave him
An Adieu, Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah !

Sang—

“ Adieu, Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah !”
Won the heart of the Great Chieftain,
Conquered pride and won the Chieftain.

Then he pondered—

“ What this Love is !

What this Love is, I must fathom;
First, she seemed a childish Maiden,
Full of playful pranks, and girlish,
Pleasing pranks, quite girlish, playful;
Does it thus become a Goddess,
Goddess of the Wind and Valley,
Goddess of the Mountain Jewels;
That so artless, and so girlish,
In a playful way, yet earnest,
To address thus a Great Chieftain ?
Far above Love, and such trifles,
Trifles, such as those of Love are.”

Carefully he slid the ribbon
Off the straight and slender arrow;
Lapping up beneath the bow-knot,
The long ends, so slim, and slender;
Then he plucked a leaf of Laurel,
Would have wrapped the silken ribbon;
Spied he, from the dainty bow-knots,
Three long, silken, shining What-nots,
That he gently drew, not breaking,
From the knot which they were tied in;
'Round and 'round his finger lapping
In a coil, so silky, shining.

Doubled up the leaf of Laurel—
Folded in the leaf of Laurel
All the coil of silky What-nots;
What it was, quite sure it boots not—
For, between the folds of ribbon
It was laid, and then again lapped
With three other leaves of Laurel;
Then bethought he where to keep them,
Where he could with safety place them;
In his crown, upon his forehead,
He decided there to wear them.
Did the Chieftain of the Valley
Far above Love and such trifles,
Trifles such as those of Love are;
In his crown, upon his forehead,
Wear the ribbon lapped with Laurel.

Next, what followed, still it boots not;
But, 'tis sure, this haughty Chieftain
Far above Love and such trifles,
Well upon the subject pondered,
Taught this artless, childish Maiden,
Taught this Goddess of the Valley,
Goddess of the Wind and Sunshine,
Goddess of the Mountain Jewels;
Of a Love of which she knew not.
Not of Love more pure and holy
Than the love she long had cherished
In her heart for this Great Chieftain,
Far above Love and such trifles;
But a Love from Heaven given.
Love which brings about a Union,
Love which rings the Bells of Wedding,
For the hearts of God and Goddess.

'Tock-ah-nu-lah, the Enamored,

Often pictured his Amora,
Loved—as none but the Gods can love !
Loved this Goddess of the Valley:—
Not—a dark brunettish Maiden,
But a semi-blond and brunette.
Starlit beauty seemed, her brow was,
As she with her slender fingers
Shook the loose locks from her shoulders—
From her snowy dimpled shoulders.
Lithe her form was ; aye, a sapling—
As she listened in the moonlight
To the sad tone of the night-bird ;—
And her wee-feet shone like snow-tufts
Fallen from the tall Sequoias.
Like the bow was the arched instep,
Like a Goddess was this Maiden ;
As she was, a perfect Goddess !
'Tis-sa-ack, the beauty Goddess !
'Tis-sa-ack, the loved and worshipped.

When the wedding ?—Still, it boots not
In the unremembered past 'twas:
Wedded were this God and Goddess !
Years they prayed to the Great Spirit,
Blest, for years, by the Great Spirit.

Curled the blue-smoke to the heavens !
Golden sun breathed through the light-haze;
From the gray clouds fell the soft rain—
And men gathered mighty crops in :
Of the Wild-deer, chose the fattest :
Loud, he blowed upon his trumpet
Roused the grizzly from his cavern
'That the brave might hunt the Wild-bear.
Then the happiest of happy
Were this semi-God and Goddess !

Yet how long 'twas ? Still, it boots not :
Children nine, rose up to bless them,
Six were sisters, three were brothers ;
First, three sisters, named The Graces.
Then, three Brothers, then three Sisters ;
Proud and happy was the Goddess ;
As, in richest robes she draped them,
And, in richest jewels drest them.

Quite as proud was 'Tock-ah-nu-lah !
Proudest most of the three Graces ;
But, from each withheld he nothing ;
That could comfort, clothe or bless them ;
Fit each for a God or Goddess:
And, as such the nine were to him—
Six, the equal of their mother.

THE CHANGE.

"Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still ;
But O, it is the worst of pain,
To love, and not be loved again !"

ODE XXIX. MOORE.

But a change came ! sad of saddest :
Why it came ! The Legend says not :
Why it came, ask not the question !
Man's heart never can be fathomed !
Only by this transposition
Can be riconciled the question.

Once a man's life, twice a child's life !
Once, a man's love pure and noble !

Then again to feeble childhood
Without purpose, hope, or promise :
Man's heart never can be fathomed.

Back again to where she found him—
Far beneath what she had found him—
Went this noblest of all beings :
The Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah—Loved One,
Semi-Deity and Great Chief,
Who was in his early manhood
Far above Love and such trifles !
Far beneath Love and its heavens
Went this noblest of all Chieftains,
Semi-Deity and Great Chief :
Man's heart never can be fathomed !

Bravely kept up this great Goddess !
Kept her heart above its breaking ;
Prayed to the Great God of Sunland,
Prayed to the Great Mighty Spirit
To keep her heart above its breaking.

“ O ! forgive him ! God of all Gods !
He is only as I found him,
Without Love within his bosom—
He is but as he a child was :
Man's heart never can be fathomed !

“ If I'm lonely with my children
Keep my heart above its breaking !
And protect the Mighty Chieftain
Though he wander like a wild man,
Leaving Home and Love and Heaven.
Take him to Thy care, O, Great God !
And my brain keep firm and steady
That my children may be cared for.

Let it not drive me to madness,
That I thus am left—forsaken;
Keep Po-ho-no far, far from me,
Lest I call upon her power.
O, Great God ! and Mighty Spirit,
Love is all there is for woman.
Whether Peasant or a Goddess,
Love is all there is for woman.”

But though woman's heart will keep up
Long, long after 'tis forsaken;
Sometimes, under greatest pressure,
Sometimes, too, it yields to sadness.

Tis-sa-ack, with heart so noble,
Heart so pure, so true, and noble;
Fell, as others, she was human;
Fell, a victim to Po-ho-no.

With Po-ho-no oft she wandered,
Told her story to Po-ho-no;
Lovingly Po-ho-no listened,
Fanned and cooled her aching forehead;
Smoothed again her snow-white tresses,
Watched and followed her lost husband;
Gave no hope of his returning.
This the only consolation:
That he now is, as are all men
Who forsake Love and its heavens.

Tis-sa ack then to the Spirit
Of the Evil-wind Po-ho no—
Gave herself and all her children.
Begged her to transform her husband
Into Granite—Petrification.

“ Give to them a little Valley
With Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah guardsman,
Nearest to him place Three Graces,
The Three Eldest, he best loves them;
Build then near them a Cathedral,
Let them not forget their worship;
And that all in this weird Valley
There may bare their heads, or courtesy.
The Three Brothers—Pom-pom-pa-sa—
Farther up the Valley place them,
On the North side, as their father
Place The Brothers Pom-pom-pa-sa.
Then The Sisters, younger Sisters,
On the South side, near their Brothers;
Let The Brothers ever guard them;
Let their elder Brothers guard them;
On the same side with my daughters
Of this Mythic Misty Valley,
Place the Tis-sa-ack, forsaken,
Goddess of the Wind and Sunshine,
Mother of the Three Proud Sisters;
Mother of the Pom-pom-pa-sa,
Mother of the Three Fair Graces;
Goddess of the Mountain Jewels,
Loved, and won, by the Great Chieftain.

“ At my feet up raise a Mirror,
Lake Ah-we-yah, Crystal Mirror,
That I may not be forgotten;
By my husband be forgotten;
Or, by any race, forgotten.
O'er my head then shall the Sun rise;
Ever glistening crystal Sun rise.
In the Mirror his reflection,
His electric-white reflection,
As the people of all Ages

View him in the Mirror rising,
And, again they see him rising
As they to the right keep stepping;
Tell them that my form, though sleeping
In the Granite Dome is sleeping,
I am living ever with them;
Daily rising, watching o'er them,
That I love, protect and guard them;
Those who to the right are going,
I will ever, ever follow;
I will ever, ever guard them;
Be a Beacon-light unto them
Through the ages that shall follow,
Through the ages that shall follow.

“ This, a proof that I was human,
They will find a Line is hanging
On the South Dome; ever hanging,
And the fabric of my wearing,
Ever on the Line is hanging.

“ And my face, though weary, care-worn,
Sad and sombre, shaded, care-worn,
Must thou chisel on the South Dome.

“ And the Arrow that was stolen,
From Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, stolen !
Give it to a dusky maiden,
If her heart be ever broken,
If it be by love forsaken;
Plant it where she breathes her last breath ;
And in Granite, Petrification,
Give to man another omen,
By this Arrow, ever standing,
That man's love should be protection
To his chosen one, protection.

Firm and lasting as the rocks are.
Near me raise the cap of freedom,
Cap of Liberty and freedom,
Near the Tis-sa-ack a Goddess.
On the North side stand a High Dome,
To protect me from the North Wind.
On the South side a Deep Fissure,
A Deep Fissure called the Clouds Rest,
That the Valley may have warm rain.

“ Drape the Valley in a white dress,
For the most time, O, Po-ho-no !
In a white dress, in a Bride’s Dress,
For the most time, O, Po-ho-no !
Beautify and drape the Valley
With my jewels, O, Po-ho-no !

“ At the entrance of this Valley
Drape my Bridal Veil, Po-ho-no.
Breathe your breath upon the fabric
That it then may last for ages,
Be the Bridal Fall for ages.

“ Near my husband, O, Po-ho-no !
Tie the ribbons from our arrows,
Breathe your breath upon the ribbons,
That they too, may last for ages;
Be the Ribbon Fall for ages.

“ In the center of this Valley
Wave my tresses, O, Po-ho-no;
Breathe your breath upon my tresses,
That they too, may last for ages.
Call them Falls of Yo-Semite,
Call the Valley, Yo-Semite,
Valley of the Great Bear Grizzly.

Though my people turn to wild men
Limitation they must feel not,
And the brave know not Negation ;
Tough they shall be; call them Red Men.
In the Summer give them green fields ;
For a short time give them green fields ;
But a bride's dress for the most time,
That I may not be forgotten—
While I'm guiding them, forgotten.
Let the sunshine not too near me ;
Nor, too near me the pale moonshine ;
Close above me hang the starlight :
Let me sleep through ages—ages.”

From her wrists, and from her armlets,
From the crown upon her forehead,
From the snowy heaving bosom,
Drew she then the richest jewels
That from out their jewel garden
Had been dug by lover's fingers,
Had been washed in crystal fountains,
Had been strung on golden threadings,
While he gently told the story,
Told the same sweet loving story—
In the unremembered ages,
In the season which we now call
Month of May ; or, early June-time ;
Then, she to her bosom pressed them ;
Then, she called to her Po-ho-no,
Bade the breath of the Po-ho-no
Damp the jewels as she tossed them.

Hence the Falls of the Pi-wy-ack,
Crystal Falls of the Pi-wy-ack !
A cataract of diamonds—
Are the Falls of the Pi-wy-ack.

On her fingers yet there glistened,
Still there glistened richest jewels ;
Then by sudden thought determined—
Here they shall remain forever.

Kissed she then the precious jewels,
Gazed upon them for the last time,
Tightly clasped her arms behind her,
Till by age and petrifaction,
They are buried in the granite ;
Granite of Majestic South Dome,
Which is Tis-sa-ack the Lost One.
Goddess of this Far-Famed Valley,
Mother of the Three Proud Sisters,
Mother of the Pom pom-pa-sa,
Mother of the Three Fair Graces,
Goddess of the Far-Famed Valley ;
Loved, and won by the Great Chieftain—
Semi-Deity and Great Chief !

Man's heart never can be fathomed !
Love is all the life of woman !

For the Evil Wind Po-ho-no,
Blew her breath as she was bidden.

And the Valley, as it now stands,
Has been standing here for ages ;
From the unremembered ages.

But Po-ho-no's heart was saddened,
And her tears gave to the Valley,
Gave her tears the River Mercy,
By the Spanish called the Merced !
Weeps her tears in hidden fountains,
For the river called the Merced.

This the first part of the Legend,
Mystic Legend, spun and woven,
In the Valley Yo-Semite,
In the ages unremembered—
Curfewed, curtained, long ago.

Can the European Mountains,
Switzish Mountains of the Jungfrau ;
Or of Savoy—and all It'ly,
Tell a true, yet Mystic story,
Prove the strength of love that's human ?
Prove man's heart can ne'er be fathomed,
And that love is life to woman ?
And that life is ever living,
Hidden only in the changing—
Hidden only in the changing..
And that love is life to woman !

“ But now I know that there is no killing
A thing like Love, for it laughs at Death.
There is no hushing, there is no stilling
That which is part of your life and breath.
You may bury it deep, and leave behind you
The land, the people that knew your slain;
It will push the sods from its grave, and find you
On wastes of water or desert plain.”

From the Grave.

ELLA WHEELER.

“ What love is, if thou wouldest be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

And whence comes love? Like morning's light
It comes without thy call;
And how dies love? A spirit bright,
Love never dies at all !”

INGOMAR.

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BY STELLA STANDISH.

There is much of real pathos contained in these letters. They have the appearance of being a true history of some human heart that has loved and lost.

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E. T. R., *Literary Critic for*
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The high estimation in which this young lady is held, was best indicated by a glance over Russ Hall last evening; the wealth and fashion of our city were attentive auditors. That she has genius, there is no question, and will meet with success in the line of her profession.—*Humboldt Standard*.

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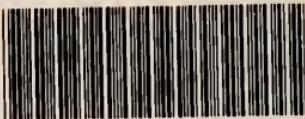
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